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CENTRAL CAFE

Setzer & Fox Proprietors.

Hickory, N. C.

EXPRESS OFFICE BUILDING.

DOLLAR DAY

Thursday, Oct. 7

Woman and Society

IF
If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you;
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors
just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, "Hold-on,"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor living friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Persons giving parties, having visitors or leaving the city are invited to send the information to the Record office either by phone or otherwise. The Record would appreciate it if correspondents would write out the news in a legible hand on one side of the paper. The name of the writer should accompany all news articles in order to insure good faith.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Saxton of Granite Falls were in the city today.

Mrs. Henry Elliott of Catawba was a visitor in the city yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Elliott and Miss Kate Elliott motored to Charlotte today.

Miss Amy Sellers is spending the week with Miss Constance Bost during Mrs. Bost's absence.

Mr. J. L. Cilley and family and Mr. N. M. Seagle spent yesterday in Gastonia.

Little Miss Peggy Stephens is spending a few weeks in Atlanta with her grandparents.

Miss Vaughan Andrews of Salisbury spent a few hours in the city yesterday, the guest of Miss Louise Jones.

Misses Pollie McMullen, Callie Greene, and Emma Wilson of Clear Water, Florida, are the guests of Mrs. H. A. Fulmer.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Nicholson, Miss Jessie Joy and Miss Annie Downum motored to Charlotte yesterday, returning last night.

Miss Mildred Patterson of Blowing Rock spent Tuesday night in the city with her aunt, Mrs. John Springs, en route to Salem College.

J. W. Warlick and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Warlick of Reepsville, Mr. J. D. Warlick of South Bethlehem, Pa., and Mrs. A. L. Shuford of Conover motored to Blowing Rock today.

Mrs. E. R. Conant and her charming young daughters, Misses Lucile and Charlotte, after spending a few days with the former's sister, Mrs. J. L. Riddle, leave this afternoon for their home in Savannah, Ga. They spent the summer in Blowing Rock.

Miss Mildred Patterson of Charlotte, who has been spending the summer in Blowing Rock and for the past few days visiting Miss Helen Springs in Hickory leaves this afternoon for Winston-Salem where she will enter Salem Academy.

Miss Essie Ransom entertains her bridge club at her home in Blowing Rock this afternoon. Mesdames F. P. Abernethy, E. L. Shuford, J. H. Hatcher and O. M. Royster motored to the Rock this morning. While there they will be the guests of Mrs. Taylor at the Blowing Rock hotel.

A Match for "Tad."
T. A. Dorgan, the cartoonist, was trying to hire a chauffeur in the other day and went about in his usual breezy style. When the first applicant appeared, Tad said: "Of course, I want a man who can speak French, play pinocle, curry a horse and make a Jack Rose cocktail."

"Well, I can do 'em all, and still have a few tricks up my sleeves," said the chauffeur, with becoming modesty.

Tad looked over him, and then said, suddenly: "I don't know. When I lamp your face and see your horn painted up that way it strikes me that you are a hard drinker and I don't want any hard drinkers driving my car for me and running over some picturesque cliff."

"You are wrong," said the driver, "I am not a hard drinker. It comes easy to me."—Cartoons Magazine.

With Mrs. Riddle.

Mrs. J. L. Riddle entertained the Limited Bridge Club yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Conant of Savannah receiving the prize.

Delicious cream and cake were served at the close of the game.

Mrs. West Entertains.

Mrs. A. M. West entertained between 10 and 12 o'clock this morning in honor of her sister, Mrs. Loy D. Thompson of Marion, and Mrs. Thompson's sister, Mrs. J. M. Ruhmann of Kennedy, Texas, the occasion being a sewing party. About twenty ladies were present. Mrs. West was assisted in serving an iced course by Mrs. Herbert Little.

Children Have Picnic.

Between 75 and 80 children of the First Methodist Sunday school enjoyed a picnic outing on the lawn of Mr. J. A. Bowles from 2:30 until 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and all the youngsters had the time of their lives. The ages ranged from two to five years, and they played games of which all children are fond, were served light refreshments, and had their photographs taken in groups. Earls said that even the smaller children became quiet for the camera. Miss Clara Bowles, Mrs. T. C. Blackburn and Rev. A. L. Stanford took the little ones in charge, and many a parent was told last night of the splendid time all had.

Miss Kirkpatrick Receives.

Miss Adele Kirkpatrick was at home to a large number of friends yesterday afternoon in honor of Mrs. W. R. McKorie.

Mrs. Ed. Menzies greeted the guests at the door and Miss Elizabeth Hall received the cards. They were introduced to the receiving line by Mrs. E. Bryan Jones. Those receiving with Miss Kirkpatrick were, Mrs. McKorie, Mrs. Clifton Abernethy, Mrs. Worth Elliott, Miss Mary Fie, Mrs. Earls Carr, Mrs. W. B. Ramsay and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Mrs. Lloyd Thompson and Mrs. Roy Abernethy ushered the guests into the dining room, where delicious cream and cakes were served. Mrs. H. H. Shuford and Mrs. George Hall cut the cream and were assisted in serving it by Misses Elizabeth McComb, Adelaide Johnston, Mary Knox Henderson, Hilda Field and Margaret McComb. Misses Kathryn Menzies and Lena Ramsay had charge of the Victrola. The house was beautifully decorated in pink and white roses.

Mrs. Fulmer Entertains.

Mrs. H. A. Fulmer delightfully entertained a number of young people at a lawn party at her home on Ninth avenue Tuesday evening in honor of the Misses McMullen, Greene and Wilson of Clear Water, Florida. The guests were received at the door by the hostess and were directed to the dining room, where Miss Maude Maynard served punch. A number of interesting games were played, and this was a most enjoyable occasion. The following guests were present: Misses Pollie McMullen, Callie Greene, Emma Wilson, of Florida; Margaret Wannemacher, Ellen White, Alva Bozright, Pearl and Blannie Frazier, Edith and Lottie Suttleyre, Josephine Dysart, Joe Moore, Annie Deal, Jettie Williams, Claudie and Elsie Yount, Mary Bumgarner, Ona Lee Eckard and Maude Maynard; Messrs. Leslie Paul Alfred Harold and Laurie Deal, Sam Hawn, Arthur Bradford, Charlie Deal, Bud Peeler, Zell Setzer, Bumgarner, William Hamrick, Russell Yount, Clyde Greene, Carl Cline, Herman Payne, and Lawrence Croucher; Messrs. Walter Bolick and Shell of Conover, and Clarence Yount and Setzer of Newton.

A Literary Family.

Ma's writing a book on the training of husbands, to end the dispute; She spends twenty chapters explaining The best way to manage "the brute." It soon will appear in a binding, The acme of artistic skill— The cover's delightful, the cost, though, is frightful, But father is paying the bill.

Jim's hustling like mad getting ready His pioneer volume on "Squash." He never before worked so steady. But sister declares it's all bosh.

Her book on "The Lost Art of Egypt" Jim says it's a terrible pill.

Although on all other points sister and brother

May differ, pa's paying the bill.

The twins are compiling statistics On dialect of the baboon, It's meant for their work on linguistics

That father is publishing soon, While father—you ask what's he doing

To keep up his end? Never fear, He's busy signing the checks, while repining

His books will not balance this year. —New York Sun.

How It Happened.

Senator Clarence D. Clark of Wyoming smiled the other day when reference was made to the bright sayings of the kiddie folk. He said he was reminded of a small party named Jimmy.

One afternoon, little Jimmy had been playing rather strenuously in the street, and when he returned to his happy home he had an overheated look.

"Jimmy," exclaimed his mother, on seeing the youngster, "come here a moment."

"Yes, ma'am," obeying Jimmy, quickly hustling to his mother's side.

"What in the world have you been doing?" demanded the fond parent. "Your head is all perspiration."

"That's all right, mama," was the indifferent response of Jimmy. "My roof leaks."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

COMPARATIVE WEATHER
Sept. 21. 1915 1914
Maximum. 83 88
Minimum. 65 61
Mean. 74 74 1/2
Rainfall. .06

LUZT'S

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Floramyne Face powder .100
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Hudnuts Violet Rice powder .25
Hudnuts Violet Face powder .50
Nadine Face powder (All Colors) .50
LaVilliere Face powder (Sweet Olive) .50
Nurbell Face powder .50
Elcaya Face powder (All Colors) .50
Woodbury's Face powder (All Colors) .25
Lablache Face powder (All Colors) .50
Freeman's Face powder (All Colors) .25



TALCUM POWDERS

Colgates' Talc powder (All Kinds) .15
Mennens' .15
Johnson's Baby powder .25
Talcotelette (All Colors) .25
Nyal's Mayflower .25
Lutz's Talcum powder big can (Violet, Carnation, Orange Blossom, Corolopsis) All .25



COLD CREAMS

Dagget & Ramsdels (Tube and Jar) .25c & .50
Hudnuts (Tube and Jar) .25c & .50
Ponds Ext. (Cold Cream and Vanishing) .25c & .50
A. D. S. Vanishing Cream (Peroxide) .25
Lutz's Peroxide Cream (Vanishing) .25



SACHET POWDERS

Peroxide Bath. 10c 3 for .25
Palmolive .10
Jergin's Violet Glycerine. 10c
3 for .25
Resinol .25
Colgates Cashmere Bouquet 15c
and .25
Cosmo Buttermilk, 10c 3 for .25
4711 Glycerine Soap. .25
Colgates' Natural Violet, Carnation, Almond Meal 10c 3 .25
Pears' .15c & .25
Ivory .05
Life Buoy .05
Any brand of soap you want we have it.
Stillman's Freckle Cream. .50
Wilson's Freckle Cream. .50
Canthrox .50
Mercolized Wax .75
Saxolite .75

Much Mourning Color.

The negro has a sense of humor peculiarly his own, remarked Speaker Clark some time ago, according to the Pathfinder, and he never objects to a joke with reference to his color—provided he makes it himself. Down in Missouri lived a colored man who has won for himself considerable local renown on account of his ability as a landscape gardener. He was engaged one day in setting out shrubs on his employer's lawn. The owner of the place was nowhere in sight, but quite a company of the gardener's friends hung on the fence surrounding the lawn, intently watching every move.

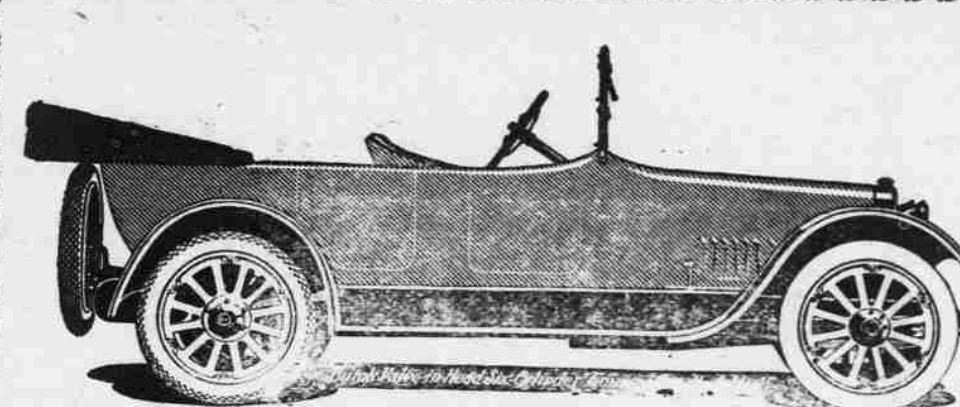
Another negro who was driving for a physician living in the community observed for a moment the row of spectators, then turning to the doctor who was just getting into the buggy, he remarked solemnly: "Doctah, dere's somebody shorely dead at Mr. Jones' house."

"Dead?" said the physician. "I think not, Tom, I should have heard of it if any of the family had been ill." "Well, doctah," said the driver, pointing to the row of dusky individuals decorating the pickets of the fence, "ef der ain't nobody dead at Mr. Jones' house, what fo' is all dat row of mournin' strung along de fence?"

An Echo of Militancy.
Eminent Woman Surgeon, who is also an ardent suffragist (to wounded guardsman)—Do you know, your face is singularly familiar to me. I've been trying to remember where we've met before.
Guardman—Well, mum, bygones be bygones. I was a police constable.—London Punch.

Golf or Croquet.
It was during a golf game in Scotland. The first player who drove off was very bowlegged. The second player, unmindful that his opponent was directly in front of him, struck the ball, and it whizzed between his opponent's legs.

"Foot, na," said the bow-legged one in anger, "that's nae golf." "Aweel," said the opponent, complacently, "ef 'tis nae golf, 'tis gude croquet."—Ladies Home Journal.



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